

Remember Me as a Time of Day by Loz.Loola

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Billy H., Nancy W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-08-02 15:02:30

Updated: 2019-08-31 03:47:48

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:26:02

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,451

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Nancy is still dealing. And she's on her own until she isn't. Nancy/Billy. Post S3 finale, I guess AU cause Billy is live and kicking?

1. One

Author: Lauren.

Rating: Rated M.

Character/Pairing: Nancy Wheeler, Billy Hargrove.

Summary: Nancy is still dealing. And she's on her own until she isn't. Nancy/Billy. Post S3 finale, I guess AU cause Billy is live and kicking?

Disclaimer: Stranger Things does not belong to me. Unfortunately.

Author's Note: So. Yes a period of time has elapsed since I've done this. But I got inspired and this happened. Let me know...

She wakes up drenched in sweat again.

It's the middle of the night and she's sitting bolt upright in bed, again.

It shouldn't still feel like this, should it? Cold air hits her lips and she bits down, draws her knees to her chest, listens to the drumming of her heart.

It had been six months since the Byers had left town, six months since what happened *happened* and Nancy still felt like she was right there. Finger curled around the trigger so hard it hurt, mascara running down her cheeks, her legs aching and hands shaking.

So she finds herself in the car again, sat outside Starcourt Mall a-fucking-gain. In an empty parking lot because no one can really decide what to do with this place. It's been covered in police tape since that night and the local authorities can't seem to choose to knock it down or repurpose it.

Life has mostly gone back to normal. Nancy returned to the Post because she didn't really know what else to do. Went back to making coffee and returning calls and pretending not to hear the comments about her ass.

Feet hit gravel. She's outside the car, walking toward the Mall. She's never done this before, hasn't been there since *that night*. But tonight feels different. And it's only now that she notices someone else hunched over by the building.

"Billy?" her eyebrows shoot into her hairline. Is he really here? Why would he-? She can't finish that thought because immediately she's seeing his eyes again. Seeing those headlights, making her vision swim, taste coppery blood in her mouth from where she's been clenching her teeth.

He looks... younger than before. Tired, dark circles around his eyes and gaunt, as if he's still missing something inside. Not that she really knew him before, other than *we got ourselves a new Keg King, Harrington*.

God that seemed like an entire lifetime ago now. Without really knowing why, she finds herself perched on the sidewalk besides him. Sharing his cigarette in silence. There are so many things she wants but the questions die in her throat. That is, until-

"So how's Mike?"

They start hanging out. Not a lot. Not at first. Just sometimes he'd be driving by and offer her a lift home. Or if they were both buying coffee at the same time.

Oh and the kissing. The kissing only happened once. Just once when his hand grazed hers and then he was cupping her face and she could feel his breath on her lips.

She told herself she was just missing Jonathan. That they'd both been through something traumatic and this was just a response to that.

She barely knew the boy whose body she clung to on the backseat of his Camaro. Whose hands roamed her body, fingers threaded in her hair, moaning into her neck.

And she tells herself she doesn't want to ask about how he's even alive. What it felt like to not be in control of your own body, for your

brain to be screaming please and your hands to say no.

She didn't want to have to see the terror in his eyes as he told her about agony and fear and regret. Or worse, what if it wasn't that at all. What if her hope that this experience had reformed him from the aggressive thug he'd been before into something else had been foolish? What if he- God don't even say it. *What if he liked it.*

How he nearly ran her down in that parking lot. How she stared at him down the barrel of a gun, hands trembling, ready to pull the trigger.

No, she needs to believe that she isn't alone in this. Because then they all didn't leave and her little brother won't talk to her.

Even if they don't talk about it.

2. Two

Author: Lauren.

Rating: Rated M.

Character/Pairing: Nancy Wheeler, Billy Hargrove.

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Author's Note: I kinda sorta ended up continuing because I love their dark and twistyness.

She starts to look forward to her time with him. It's easier not to think about the fear, the pain, the worry when his hands are on her body, in her hair. When he moans her name and everytime it sounds like the first.

They keep it quiet, of course. Because if Steve or God forbid, Mike found out, she'd never hear the end of it.

"Nance?" her head snaps up as she realises her Mom is speaking.

"Sorry Mom, what?" she responds dumbly, raking her fork through her untouched dinner.

"I was just asking about work, I wondered if you-"

Her Mom's voice is drifting out again because she can see a pair of headlights flashing on their lawn. "I'm gonna get some water," she says into the air, not really talking to anyone as she heads into the kitchen, straight for the back door. And he's there, lit cigarette between his teeth, Metallica shirt hanging loosely off his body.

He kisses her with his teeth and although she can taste blood, it isn't unwelcome. He's never turned up at her house before, never even dropped her off outside and now he's showing up and crushing her

into the wall, hands roaming underneath her clothes.

He whispers *come with me* and she doesn't answer but threads their fingers.

Soon her hand is pulsing on the wheel as they drive, she isn't sure where she didn't ask. One of his hands on the wheel, the other tapping out a rhythm on her thigh, dangerously close to the hem of her skirt.

They park up somewhere with a view over the city, shining like pinpricks of light in the dark. He hands her a bottle of something and she takes a rough mouthful without asking what it is. Before long her hands are on the buckle of his belt and his are gripping her hips.

He swears into her shoulder, his teeth leaving an imprint on the skin. She exhales, arches and their chest rise to meet each other. There's a tenderness in him she hadn't expected and a ferocity she had.

Her Mom walks in on them.

It's typical because they never meet at her house and the one time they do. And it's worse because they've been smoking and her room *stinks*.

And Billy's scrambling for his jeans and apologizing and the confusion is overwhelming her embarrassment. Because he's so unBilly right now and she wonders if she'll ever really get a gauge on him. Sometimes he looks at her and she can remember that boy she knew that walked the school hallways like he owned them. Or he'll look over his sunglasses at her and grin and he knows how beautiful he is and there's old Billy. But the new one is so tender, so calm and measured and so *comforting* that she wouldn't want to sacrifice that either. It's just confusing, that's all.

I think I want to go back to California.

That's what he'd said minutes before her Mom's entrance. She'd felt her whole body stiffen and retract from him immediately. She'd anticipated this though, hadn't she? Nothing seemed to bloom in

Hawkins, it was where good things went to fade and die.

So her Mom stands in the doorway for a really long time after Billy has left. And she still hasn't spoken so Nancy finds herself just sitting on the bed, arms hugged around her bony knees. Waiting for her horrified judgement or outrage or whatever.

Then suddenly she's next to her and Nancy's face is wet and she's crying so hard she can't breathe.